



My Advocate



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Published Apr 7, 2017

"It was the best of times; It was the worst of times."

Nope, it was just the worst of times!

In the span of six months in 2010 and part of 2011, I had;

- Brain Surgery to remove a large but benign brain tumor
- A massive cranial infection requiring yet another Craniotomy

- My skin trying to burn off my body due to a reaction to antibiotics
- A surgically induced debilitating stroke

Through it all though there was a beacon of hope.

Her, Teji. My wife, my protector, my advocate.

Through the semi-conscious haze of pain and pain meds, I could hear her voice. Always strong even though she could barely stand from exhaustion. She was double checking details, making sure she understood what was going on with me at all times.

When I could look around, she was there. Either standing by my bed watching over me or dozing lightly in a chair by my bedside. Waking up at the slightest movement or noise from me.

There are no words to express the comfort this gave me. I can tell you that had she not been there; I do not believe I would have survived to tell you this story. I was incredibly lucky to have someone with her dedication and intelligence to be by my side acting on my behalf.

Not all people are as lucky as I. As I sit here thinking of those events, I remember those who were all alone in other rooms. I try to put myself in their shoes, and my mind recoils in horror and fear. I could not imagine what it would be like to have no one there as an anchor and advocate. No that is incorrect I can imagine, I just don't want to, the emotional abyss is just too great.

Thank you so much for being there. A great big thanks to everyone else who stands watch over their loved ones through dark times. Your actions mean more to a patient more than you can ever imagine.

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